Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths sauour but themselues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benefliсted,
If that the heauens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the
deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That beares't a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eie deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fooles, do these villains pity
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noiseleſſe
Land, with plumed helme thy slaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alacke, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe diuell, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend, so horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-couerd thing, for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnesse

To let these hands obey my
They are apt enough to dis
Thy flesh and bones, how e
A womans shape doth shie
Gon. Marry your man-ho

Enter

Alb. What newes?
Gent. O my good Lord,
his seruant, going to put ou
Alb. *Glosters* eyes?
Gen. A seruant that he b
Oppos'd against the acte,
To his great master, who t
Flew on him, and amongst
But not without that harm
Which since hath pluckt h
Alb. This shewes you a
That these our neather crim
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, lost
Gent. Both, both my Lo
Answer, tis from your siste
Gon. One way I like this
But being widow, and my
May all the building on m
Vpon my hatefull life, anot
Ile reade and answer.
Alb. Where was his son
Gent. Come with my L
Alb. He is not here.
Gent. No my good Lor
Alb. Knowes he the wi
Gent. I my good Lord,
And quit the house on pu
Might haue the freer cour
Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue to t
Thou shewedst the King,